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poetry...

from *Apparition Poems*: 1558
[Adam Fieled](#)

This is meant to be
level on level, layer
on layer, like insides
of mountains, but I
only have so many,
& when something
takes over, I drop a
little lower, my guts
drop too, and days I
could reach out for
you have gone. Well,
I call that level hell.

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poetry...

from *Apparition Poems*: 1571
[Adam Fieled](#)

To cut right to the bone—
there is no bone in this,
it's mirrors, echoes, bits,
more than play, less than

life, but anything limiting
this needs to be chucked
like fruit rinds into a bin,
any arbitrary signifier that

knows itself to be arbitrary
can *work* as mirrors, echoes,
bits, if you have faith that
what's ineffable counts, is.

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poetry...

from *Apparition Poems*: 218

[Adam Fieled](#)

This little bourgeois runt has had enough
of feeling weak. He's running five miles a
day, eating raw eggs, seeing three shrinks,
shagging his wife most nights, loving his
kids, digging into his work like never before
(and oh what important work it is), and, if
he may say so himself, become such a lunatic
that if they have to scrape his remains from
the bottom of the Schuylkill, he won't be
surprised. All to rebel against impinging
poverty, because the world is crumbling.
Not with a bang but with a whimper, he
gulps down a beer with dinner, where he
preened and postured like a winner with
everything knotted in his stomach. If he
were raised to be rugged, he'd still be dead.

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poetry...

from *Apparition Poems*: 219

[Adam Fieled](#)

Everyone always looks forward to a fight
if they've planned the fight themselves—
they'll brave the anticipated death, shake
the anticipated curse, wake to hear Gabriel's
trumpet when it resounds like manna as they
are already grave-bound. But nobody has
ever known what to do about slow decay,
gradual erosion, slow-motion entropy, the
kind of shit that actually happens. You wake
and half a handful of things have turned to
shit, then three months of peace, then the
same thing again. What this "I" has learned
is that not everybody wins, not everybody
lives, if you've got it in you to live you can
still get killed, and deathly morons pull up
a winning ticket for twenty more years of
grand larceny. The lesson is that there is no
lesson. What you can learn is to let go of it,
everything, and let Gabriel play Miles ad infinitum.

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